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## LyanLyan the enchantress dancer



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### Chapter 1 by Selena Raynee

During the last repeat of her dance routine with ribbons, LyanLyan was appraising the audience. Everything seemed just as it should be: silly southerners had no knowledge of magic of the north and had no idea they've been enchanted. They'll scrape up half of the money from their pockets and throw it into LyanLyan's money box quite willingly, even if such generosity isn't habitual for most of them.

LyanLyan learned not to be greedy, she only took what she thought was hers. She had to dance in scalding summer heat for several hours a day, moving from one city square to another; she was a licensed entertaineress of the north, who spent most of her life dieting and training. She deserved to have her pay in silver, not in dirty copper. And she needed money to traverse the desert. to travel even more south, to new adventures and audiences.

LyanLyan finished her dance, bowed, opened her money box and coins started to pour in. She got enthralled by glitter of silver and wasn't looking at faces of people that were approaching her. Something greenish-blue hit the bottom of the box and LyanLyan stared: a rare gem used as a vessel for servant souls. Someone threw it into the box.

LyanLyan's thoughts swirled: what to do? The gem was very valuable, but very dangerous to posses or use.

Chapter 2 by Intellikay

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8 GFT GEM

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LyanLyan takes the gem from the bottom of the box and holds it in her hands

## &gt; EXAMINE GEM

Greenish-blue, the gem is distinctly a fortreme, mined in the hills of the west. It has a heft to it, indicating it has been used and therefore reconstituted physically and chemically.

## &gt; PUT GEM IN POCKET

LyanLyan puts the gem in her pocket.

The performance has ended and LyanLyan returns to the Wandering Ghaster, where her agent has booked a room for the night. She makes her way to the pub and sits at a lonely table.

## &gt; LOOK

LyanLyan is in the Wandering Ghaster pub, downstairs. She sees a menu at her table.

## &gt; LOOK AT MENU

The menu is full of southern dishes, all named and illustrated with a middle-age script.

Before LyanLyan can do anything more, a thick man sits himself down at her table, directly across from her. He places a curved dagger on the table top and folds his hands.

## &gt; EXAMINE MAN

A southerner, judging by his thick forehead and curled forelocks. You cannot read the expression on his face. He looks to be young... maybe 70 or 80.

## &gt; TALK TO MAN

**Chapter 3 by Selena Raynee**

"Pika, you're in grave danger"

LyanLyan summed him up once again: certainly a mercenary or a retired adventurer turned mercenary.

"You heard of Flaming Lizards, Pika?"

LyanLyan nodded. Flaming Lizards were a thing in the city.

"30 minutes ago they've slain a dragon. It was placed on your head, Pika. You're dead or alive."

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LyanLyan's eyes flared up, but she kept silent.

"Pika, are you even paying attention?" the man growled, catching her arm. "We must get you out of town, and fast, - if I found you, others will find you too"

LyanLyan didn't move an inch, her anger rose:

"I'm not a small child anymore, stop calling me Pika!"

She easily wrestled her arm from man's grasp; he reached for his dagger and found it gone.

"We must run! -" the man repeated anxiously.

LyanLyan ignored him, picking up the menu.

"Are you deaf, Pika?!" he nearly shouted, attracting attention of everyone in the room. "They will come for you!"

"And you know right the place where I'll be safe, right?" LyanLyan sneered from behind the menu. "Preferably some dark alleyway or abandoned house? No thank you"

"You're mad, that's what you are," stranger stumbled to his feet and his eyes betrayed his desire to get lost, and fast.

"Here," LyanLyan gestured to dumbfounded waitress.

"Don't say I didn't warn you -" LyanLyan pretended not to notice stranger's pompous retreat.

#### Chapter 4 by intellikat



It was near the end of LyanLyan's meal that she suddenly noticed the din of supper had died down and the temperature had seemed to drop. She was mid-bite of her meal when the candles were snuffed out as by an invisible hand, and the door to the pub creaked open, revealing a silhouetted figure.

> LOOK FIGURE

Tall, strong, and bearing various weapons. Not to be trifled with.

> HIDE

Where do you want to hide?

> HIDE UNDER TABLE

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It's dirty down there.

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> TAKE GEM

LyanLyan draws the gem from her pocket.

At that moment, the figure at the door strides boldly in, unsheathing a blade of some sort. He calls out into the dark.

"Northern dancing whore. Show yourself. We are not impressed with your unlicensed activities in our city. Now it is time for you to remunerate the guild what fees you have neglected. Pray we do not exact more than this."

> RUB GEM

LyanLyan rubs the gem, and it glows brightly for a moment. She tries to cover it with her cloak, but the light has given her position away. The man spies her, and begins to move directly toward her.

> THROW GEM AT MAN

### Chapter 5 by jeffyb



The gem falls right at the feet of the man in black. He looks down and bends over to pick it up and as he does so a massive blue light emits from the gem, blinding all that look upon it. People are running and panicking as the light wraps around the guild member and in a flash the man is on the ground as the gem turns dark and the fades away.

Everyone is still evacuating. LyanLyan walks over to inspect what is going on. The man is motionless as she turns him over. His face was very pale as his eyes were completely glossed over with a black film. Hastily, she grabbed the gem and one of the many guns from the bounty hunter and sprinted for the exit.

### Chapter 6 by jeffyb



She laid low for several days after that in an abandoned apartment building. As an enchantress, she had the capability of securing a room and running water from just a few minor spells.

She contemplated on what to do. She needed help but only knew one person to go to, and it was going to take a long time to see his face again.

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Chapter 7 by invisiblebird



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Now she was at a decrepit looking shack in the middle of nowhere. Although dusk had already fallen, the darkness did not mask the smell of the filth that probably awaited. She was surprised to hear the distinct sound of a man sobbing. Tentatively, she knocked on the what seemed to be a door.

"PIKA!?!!"

Ugh, why did he have to call her that? Pika was Janglese for treasured angel.

## Chapter 8 by intellikat



"Come in, Pika."

LyanLyan pushed the door open to reveal her middle school art teacher. He was sobbing.

"I'm sorry, LyanLyan. They rode right before you. I had no choice."

The door slammed shut and two man advanced from the gloom. By their looks, LyanLyan knew they were bounty hunters.

"Ho, ho ho," laughed one. "3000 ruans from the Flaming Lizards. Easiest money we've ever made."

And with that, the other bounty hunter brought a potato sack down over LyanLyan's head, punched her in the buttocks, and whisked her away to New Jersey.

She was never heard from again.

the end

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